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Poetry.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

The ice-crown of Winter has melted away,
The sunbeams are out in their golden array,
The snow on the path of the waters so free
Has glided in foam to the caves of the sea.

A breeze is abroad with a whisper as sweet,
As a voice from the south that would gladden and greet
And bring from the gardens of sunlight and flowers
A breath of that clime as a token to ours.

And soon will the leaves of the forest appear,
And the green branches wave in the bright atmosphere
And far distant mountains, that limit the eye,
In blue mantles gleam through the haze of the sky.

Then, like a fresh picture, the meadows around
Will start into bloom, and the rivulet's sound
Come forth from the herbage that tangies its brink
The omen, unceasing, melodious hymn.

The buds of the morn will be crystallized in dew,
But spread their sweet bosoms at noon to the view;
The white clouds will garnish, not darken the day,
And sunshine to starlight fade gently away.

The Spirits of Beauty, whose footprints we see
In roses and lilies impressed on the lea,
Will linger around us, and kindly impart
The youth and the gladness of Spring to the heart.

SCRAPS.

WOMEN.—Female loveliness cannot be clothed in a more pleasing garb than that of knowledge. A female thus arrayed, is one of the most interesting objects in creation. Every eye rests upon her pleasure the learned and the wise, the young and the aged, of the opposite sex, delight in her society, and a filix to her character respect and veneration. Ignorance and folly stand reproved in her presence, and vice, in his bold career, shrinks abashed at her gaze. She moves the joy, the delight of the domestic circle; she excites the praise, the admiration of the world. A female thus armed, thus equipped, is prepared to encounter every trial which this uncertain state may bring; to rise with proper elevation to the pinnacle of fortune, or sink with becoming fortitude into the abyss of poverty; to attain, with a cheerful serenity, the highest of bliss, or endure, with patient firmness, the depths of woe.

Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the moral's. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our minds. But their influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted them. Whether they are our idols or companions, our equals, slaves, beasts of burden, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect happiness with their virtue.

This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice; man cannot degrade women, without himself falling in the degradation; he cannot raise them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divinities of the human race, the east and the west. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; women there are slaves. The other half advances towards freedom and light; the women here are loved and honored. Women then, as well as all others, should be interested in the progress of popular and refined education, and civil and religious liberty.

Preaching.

Enticing speech may lead applause gain
From shallow hearers, and make preachers vain;
A feather this to tickle itching ears;
But 'tis warm truth must melt a soul to tears;
'Tis this, when nigh'd by th' Almighty arm,
Will wonders work, and miracles perform.

We have seen fools hold money for the use of slaves, and some indolent people labor all their lives, not that themselves might live, but that the idle might have nothing to do other than to receive their wages.

Simplicity is to happiness, what simplicity of heart is to virtue. They favor each other, and both derive wealth from economy.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other single sentence in the English language.

Where does Camphor come from? It is distilled from the roots and branches of a species of *Laurus*. There are also trees in which camphor is found contained in the clefts of the bark. *Laurus* is the generic name of a species of trees from which cinnamon and cassia are also obtained.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A TRADITION
OF THE TWO WORLDS.
A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Meanwhile, Michael rushed forward, and flung his arms about the old man's neck.

"Father, I am come home! Home for good—home for life! You know, some fourteen years ago, I left this place a boy, I came back a man—a Soldier! A year ago, I left you for my last campaign—it is over—we've beat the Indians and now I'm goin' to live and die by your side."

The old man looked up, and met the joyous glance of those large grey eyes, surveyed the high, straight forehead, and the muscular form, and then silently gathered the hands of his boy within his own.

"God bless you, Michael!" he said, in a clear deep voice, yet with a strong German accent.

"But what's the matter, father? You don't seem well—ain't you glad to see me? Look here—I've brought this old sword home as a present for you. Not very handsome, you'll say, but each of those dents has a story of its own to tell. You see that deep notch? That was made by the cap of a Britisher at Paulus Hook, and this—but God bless me! Father, you are sick—you—"

The old man turned his eyes away, and pressed with a silent intensity the hands of his son.

"Sit down, Michael, I want to talk with you."

Michael slid into a huge oaken arm chair; it was placed before the hearth, and opposite a dark panelled door, which opened into the next chamber—the chamber of Alice.

The old man was silent. His head had sunk on his breast; his hands relaxed their grasp.

Michael gazed upon him with a vague look of surprise, and then his eyes wandered to the dark-panelled door.

"She is asleep, father?—Shall I go to the door, and call her, or will you? Ah, the good girl will be so glad to see me!"

Still the old man made no answer.

"Ah! I see how it is—he's not well—glad to see me, to be sure, but old age creeps on him. Thus musing, Michael sprang to his feet, seized the light, and advanced to the dark-panelled door. "You see, father, I'll go myself. It will be such a surprise to her! I'll steal softly to the door, and call her—"

The first news she will have of my return, will be my kiss upon her lips!"

He placed his fingers on the latch.

The old man raised his head, held him, and started to his feet. With trembling steps, he reached the side of his son.

"My son," he cried, invoking the awful name of God, "do not enter that room!"

You can see Michael start, his chivalrous face expanding with surprise, while the light in his hand falls over the wrinkled features of his father. Those features wear an expression so utterly sad, woe-begone, horror-stricken, that Michael recoils as though a death-bullet had pierced his heart. His hand, as if palsied, shrinks from the latch of the door.

For a moment, there is a pause like death.

You can hear the crackling of the slight fire on the hearth—the hard breathing of the old man—but all beside is terribly still.

"Father, what mean you? I tell you, I can face the bloodiest charge of bayonets that ever mowed a battle-field of living men, but this—I know not what to call it—this silence, this mystery—it chills, yes, it frightens me!"

Still the old man breathed in hollow tones, marked with a deep guttural accent, the name of God, and whispered—

"My son, do not enter that room!"

"But it is the room of Alice. She is to be my wife—tomorrow!—no! she is my wife, plighted and sworn, at this hour! It is the room of Alice."

The voice sank to a whisper, at once deep and pathetic, as he spoke the last words.

"Come, Michael, sit by me; when I have a little more strength, I will tell you all."

The old man motioned with his right hand toward a seat, but Michael stood beside the dark-panelled door, his sun-burnt face grown suddenly pale as a shroud.

At last, with measured footsteps, he approached the door, grasped the latch, and pushed it open. The light was in his hand. Her room lay open to his gaze, the chamber of Alice, yet he was afraid to—look.

Do you see him standing on the threshold, the light extended in one hand, while the other supports his bowed head, and veils his eyes?

"Father," he groaned, "her room is before me, but I cannot look—I stand upon the threshold, but dare not cross it. Speak!—and he turned willy-nilly toward the old man.—Speak! I implore ye—tell me the worst!"

The old man stood in the shadows, his hands clasped, his eyes wild and glassy in their vacant stare, fixed upon the face of the son. No word passed his lips; the horror painted on his countenance seemed too horrible for words.

Michael raised his eyes and looked.

It was there—the same as in the older time—that chamber in which his mother had once slept—now the chamber of Alice.

Behold a small room, with the clean oaken floor, covered by a homespun carpet; two or three high-backed chairs, placed against the white-washed walls; a solitary window with a deep frame and snowy curtain.

Holding the light above his head, Michael advanced. In the corner, opposite the door, stood a bed, encircled by hangings of plain white—those hangings carefully closed, descending in easy folds to the floor.

The fearful truth all at once rushed upon the soldier's soul. She was dead. Her body, enveloped in the shroud, lay within those hangings; he could see the white hands, frozen into the semblance of marble, folded stiffly over her pulseless bosom. He could see her face,—so pale yet so beautiful, even in death,—and the closed eyelids, the lashes darkening softly over the cheek, the hair, so glossy in its raven blackness, descending gently along the neck, even to the virgin breast.

The curtains of the bed were closed, but he could see it all!

Afraid to look, and by a look confirm his fancy, he turned aside from the bed, and gazed toward the window. Here his heart was wrung by another sight. A plain, old-fashioned bureau covered with white cloth, and surrounded by a small mirror, oval in form, and framed in dark walnut.

That mirror had reflected her face, only a day past! Beside lay the Bible and Book of Prayer, each bearing on their covers the name of Alice—sacred memorials of the Dead Girl.

This man, Michael was no puling courtier. A rude heart, an unfeigned soul was his. His emaciated hand had grasped the hand of death a thousand times. Yet that rude heart was softened by one deep feeling—that unfeigned soul, which had read its lessons of genius in the Book of Battle, written by an avalanche of swords and bayonets, on the dark cloud of the battle-field—bowed down and worshipped one emotion. His love for Alice! Next to his belief in an all-powerful God, he treasured it. Therefore, when he beheld these memorials of the Dead Girl, he felt his heart contract, expand, writh, within him. His own limbs trembled; he tottered, he fell forward on his knees, his face resting among the curtains of the bed.

He dashed the curtains aside—holding the light in his quivering hand, he gazed upon the secret of the bed—the dead body of Alice? No!

The white pillow, unruffled by the pressure of finger—the white coverlet, smooth as a bank of drifting snow, lay before him.

"What would you here?" exclaimed a tall dark bearded man, whose form was clad in a strangely mingled costume of sailor and bandit—"What would you here?"

"Father!" he groaned, starting to his feet, and grasping the old man, by both hands—"She is dead; I know it! Where have you buried her?"

The father turned his eyes from the face of his son, but made no answer.

"At least, give me some token to remember her a year ago, I myself clasped on the wrist of Alice!"

Then it was that the old man turned, and with a look that never forsook the soul of his son until his death hour, grasped four brief words:

"Not dead, but—lost!" he said, and turned his face away.

Michael heard the voice, saw the expression of his father's face, and felt the reality of his desolation without another word. He could not speak; there was a choking sensation in his throat, a coldness, like death, about his heart.

In a moment the old man turned again, and in his native German pour forth the story of Alice—her broken vows, and flight, and shame!

"Only this day she fled, and with a stranger!"

The son never asked question more of his father.

One silent grasp of the old man's hand and he strode with measured steps from the room, from the house. Not once did he look back.

He stood upon the porch—the light of the moon falling upon his face, with every lineament tightened like a cord of iron—the eyes, cold and glassy—the lips, clenched and white.

"Here!" said he to the old negro, who held the old man by the hand, and led him to the door. "Here is the wild burrah of the pirate-band mingled with the roar of the thunder, and—as the vessel went quivering over the waters—the red glare of the lightning revealed the dark-bearded face of the Pirate Chief, the writhing countenance of the doomed soldier.

Their hands were clasped. It was a Covenant of Blood.

That night, while the Pirate-Ship went bounding over the bay, Michael flung himself upon the deck, near the door of the Captain's cabin, and slept. As he slept a dream came over his soul.

Not a dream of the girl who had pressed her kiss upon his lip and then betrayed him, not a vision of Lost Alice. No! Not of the gray-haired father, who stood on the deck, gazing after the form of his son, with his white hair floating in the moonbeams.

Not even of that gallant horse, that white-maned Old Legion, "the only friend, he had trusted that never betrayed him!" No!

But of a battle! Not only of one battle, but a succession of battles, that seemed to whirl their awful storm of canon and bayonet and sword, not merely over one country, but over a world.

The heaps of dead men that Michael saw in his sleep, made the blood curdle in his veins. It seemed as though the People of a World had died, and lay rotting unburied in the gorges of mountains, on the gentle slopes of far-extending plains; in the streets of cities, too, they lay packed in horrible compactness, side by side, like pestiles on the shore.

Many strange thing Michael saw in this strange dream; but amid all, he beheld one face, whose broad, expansive brow, and deep, burning eyes, seemed to woo his soul. That face was everywhere. Sometimes amid the grey clouds of battle, smiling calmly, while ten thousand living men were mowed away by one battle blast.

Sometimes by the glare of burning cities, this face was seen: its calm sublimity of expression—that beautiful forehead, in which a soul, greater than earth, seemed to make its home, those dark eyes which gleamed a supernatural fire—all shown in terrible contrast, with the confusion and havoc that encircled it.

Old Series, No. 5, Vol. 16.

That face was everywhere.

And it seemed to Michael as he slept, that it came very near him, and as these scenes passed rapidly before his eyes, that the face whispered three words.

These words Michael never forgot; strange words they were, and those are the scenes which accompanied them.

The first word:—A strange city where domes and towers were vested with a splendor at once Barbaric and Oriental, with flames whirling about these domes and towers, while the legions of an invading Host shrank back from the burning town by tens of thousands, into graves of ice and snow. The face was there looking upon the mass of fire—the soldiers dying in piles, with a horrible resignation.

The second word:—He saw—but it would require the eloquence of some Fiend who delights to picture Murder, and laugh while he fills his horrible canvass with the records of infernal deeds,—yes, it calls for the eloquence of a fiend to delineate this scene. We cannot do it. We can only say that Michael saw some peaceful hills and vales crowded as if by millions of men.

There was no counting the instruments of murder which were gathered there: cannon, bayonets, swords, horses, men, all mingled together, and all doing their destined work—Murder. To Michael it seemed as if these cannons, swords, bayonets, horses, men, murdered all day, and did not halt in their bloody communion, even when the night came on.

The Face was there.

Yes, it seemed to Michael in this his strange dream, that this Face was the cause of it all. For the Kings of the Earth, having (or claiming) a Divine Commission to Murder, each one on his own account, hated fervently this Face.

Hated fervently its broad forehead and earnest eyes. Hated it so much, that they assembled a World to cut it into pieces, and hack its memory from the hearts of men.

Michael in his dream saw this face grow black, and sink beneath an ocean of blood. It rose no more!

Yes, it rose again! When,

The third word was spoken, it rose again.—Michael saw this face—with its awful majesty and unutterable beauty—chained to a rock, yet smiling all the while. Smiling, through all manner of unclean beast and birds were about it—her a vulture slowly picking those dark eyes—forehead, so sublime, even in this sad hour.

And it seemed to Michael that amid all the scenes, which he had beheld in this his terrible dream, that the last—that glorious face, smiling even while it was chained to a rock tortured by jackals and vultures, was most terrible.

With a start,

horror of that look! She knew him not; the soldier and hero was lost in his uncouth disguise. It was—Alice.

Let us now hurry on, over many days of blood and battle, and behold the Pirate Ship sunk in the ocean, its masts and shrouds devoured by flames, while the water engulfed its hull.

Three persons alone survived that wreck. You see them, yonder, by the light of the morning sun, borne by a miserable raft over the gentle swelling waters.

Three persons, who have lived for days and nights without bread or water. Let us look upon them, and behold in its various shapes the horrors of famine.

In that wretched form, laid on his back, his hollow cheeks reddened by the sunbeams, his eye-balls upturned to the sky who would recognize the gallant—Pirate Chief?

By his side crouches a half-clad female form, beautiful even amid horrors worse than death, although her eyes are fired with unnatural light, her cheeks flushed with the unhealthy redness of fever, her lips burning in their vivid crimson hues. Starvation is gnawing at her vitals, and yet she is beautiful; look—how wavinly her dark hair floats over her snowy shoulders! Is this—Alice?

The third figure, a rude sailor, his face stained with dark red hues, a skull-cap drawn down to his eyebrows. Brave Michael, of Lee's Legion. He sits with his elbow resting on his knees, his cheeks supported by his hands, while his eyes are turned to the uprising sun.

A groan quivers along the still air. It is the last howl of the Pirate Chief; with that sound—half-blasphemy, half-prayer—he dies.

His bride—so beautiful, even yet amid famine and despair—covers his lips with kisses, and at last, grasping the sailor by the arm, begs him to save the life of her—husband!

The sailor turns, tears the cap from his brow; the pain has already gone from his face.

Alice and MICHAEL confront each other, alone on that miserable raft, a thousand miles from shore.

Who would dare to paint the agony of her look, the horror of the shriek which rent her bosom?

Only once she looked upon, and then sank stiffened and appalled beside pirate her husband, but a calm smile illuminated Michael's face; he towered erect upon the quivering raft, and drew some bread and a flagon of water—precious as gold—from the pocket of his coarse sailor jacket.

"For you," he said, in that low-toned voice with which he had plighted his eternal troth to her—"For you I have left my native land. For you I have left my father, alone and desolate in his old age. For you—not by any means the last of all my sufferings—I have killed the good old war-horse, the only friend, whom I ever trusted, that did not betray me. For you, Alice, I am an outcast, wanderer, exile! Behold my revenge! You are starving—I feed you—give you meat and drink. Yes, I, Michael, your beloved," he placed the orb of life water in her grasp, and then turned with folded arms to gaze upon the rising sun. Do you see that muscular form, towering from the raft—high, straight forehead, glowing in the light of the dawning day?

He turned again: there was a dead man at his feet; a dead woman before his eyes.

There may have been agony at his heart but his face was unsoftened by emotion. With his lineaments moulded in iron rigidity, he resumed his gaze toward the rising sun.

At last, a sail came gleaming into view—the hull of a man-of-war—and then, bright and beautiful upon the morning air, fluttered the glorious emblem of Hope and Promise—the tricolored FLAG OF FRANCE.

Years passed, glorious years, which beheld a World in motion for its rights and freedom.

There came a day, when the sun beheld a sight like this:—A man of noble presence, whose forehead, broad, and high and straight, shone with the chivalry of a great soul, stood erect, in the presence of his executioners.

Those executioners, his own soldiers, who shed tears as they levelled their pieces at his heart.

This man of noble presence was guilty of three crimes, for which the crowned robbers of Europe could never forgive him.

1. He had risen from the humblest of the people, and become a General, a Marshal, a Duke. 2. He was the friend of a great and good man. 3. In the hour of this great and good man's trials, when all the crowned robbers, the unscrupulous assassins of Europe, conspired to crush him, this General, Marshal and Duke refused to desert the great and good man.

For this he was to be shot—shot by his own soldiers, who could not restrain their tears as they gazed in his face.

Let us also go there, gaze upon him, mark each outline of his face and form; just at the moment when the muskets are leveled at his heart and answer the question—Does not this General, Marshall, Duke, now standing in presence of his Death-men, strangely resemble that Michael whom we have seen on the banks of the Chesapeake—the Hero of Lee's Legion—Brave! of the Brave?

Let the question can be answered, the Hero waves his hand. Looking his soldiers fixedly in the face, he feels himself in that voice which they have so often heard in the thickest of the fight—

"At my heart, COMRADES!"

As he falls, bathed in blood, the victim of "Holy Assassination," let us learn what words were those which brave Michael, long years ago, heard whispered in his dream, what face was that which, with its sublime forehead and earnest eyes, spoke those words? Let us also learn who was this soldier Michael, of Lee's Legion?

The Words? The first, Moscow—the second, WATERLOO—the third, St. HELENA.

The face? NAPOLEON. This soldier of Lee's Legion, the Bravest of the Brave? MICHAEL NEY.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—The idea of a legend on this subject, was suggested by an article, in a late number of the *Santos Literary Messenger*, which presents a full and plausible version, in which the identity of Major Michael, of Lee's Legion, with Michael Ney, the Marshal and Hero of France, who was basely murdered, after the battle of Waterloo.

In this article, it is distinctly stated that it perfectly appears as follows: "His feet eight inches in height—a middle man, though not fat—high fat forehead, grey eyes, straight eye brows, prominent cheek bones and fair complexion."

A fine battle-piece in the Revolutionary War, and a campaign under Wayne, among the Indians. Major Randolph returned to his home, on the shores of Chesapeake, after a year's absence, and staying for the night in the residence of a brother. To quote the exact words of the article:

"Here, he fiction to a domestic revelation of the secret truth, and to his character—of such a sort, as to determine not again to return to his family." * * * The next we hear of him, is an adventurer, about to sail from the Chesapeake in a small boat, with tobacco, and destined for St. Domingo, or to a Port in France.

The next intelligence of him, comes from Revolutionary France. He soon disappears, and Ney, a man striking similar in appearance and traits of character, rises into view.

Ney spoke English easily; was received as a refugee by the French, and called in derision the "Foreign Talatoco Merchant."

In short, the evidence placed before us, in this article, of space will not permit us to quote in full, gives almost conclusive on the important point; that Ney and Randolph were the same man. While on this topic, we may remark, that Fernando, the King of Spain, was a soldier in our Revolution. The reader will of course understand, that in our legend above given, we are alone responsible for the details, as well as all variations from the plain narrative of the text.

Which true or false, it is a splendid subject for a Picture of Art. That the same heroic Legion of Lee, who earned the first imperial reward, in the dark times of Revolution, also ranked among its Iron-Sicks, the gallant Marshal Ney, the Bravest of the Brave.

The marriage of the Rev. J. N. Maffitt to Miss Smith, in Brooklyn, N. Y. on Monday evening, was rather too numerously attended, and the Advertiser says:—

"But for the presence of a large body of officers and watchmen, scenes of great violence and disorder would unquestionably have ensued. At least a thousand persons assembled in front of Justice Peirce's house (where the hymenial rites were performed) and every species and description of annoyance, every possible invention for discord was brought into requisition, to assail the ears and disturb the harmony of the newly wedded pair, and the guests. Gongs, can calls, superannuated kettles, cracked drums, and other offensive instruments were paraded in front of the bridal chamber, while bonfires of tar barrels and straw, and a profusion of minor pyrotechnics threw a vivid glare over the motley group, and gave additional ludicrousness to the tableau."

The hubbub was caused by the difference in the ages of the parties. Mr. Maffitt is about 50 years old, the bride is said to be 16. The noisy cavalcade meddled with what was none of their business.

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The Tribune takes the testimony of Mr. Calhoun as state's evidence, to prove the Democratic party in the wrong. Well, upon the same testimony we might prove that the whigs are "knaves and villains," "traitors," "without principle," "disunionists." They have declared it to be their duty "to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." A whig, who turned state's evidence, and understood well the character and works of his accomplices, declared that "the system of the Federal-Whigs had filled the land with a set of men who are too lazy to follow any regular occupation, and whose dependence for a livelihood is on what they can extort from the pockets of the 'working men.'" And to prove that the whigs have no principle but that of opposition, we have the testimony of Daniel Webster. He once said in Faneuil Hall, that "they oppose all the measures of the administration, for the good of the country, but have proposed none." We can also prove—our enemies being judges—that the Democratic party is composed of men of principle, & that money cannot swerve them from it. Says a whig paper, "Politically speaking, we don't believe there is a Loco-foco in the land who would give up his *scruples*, even if he so desired, he could sow rusty nails and reap doublets."

As to the insinuation that we are the *slave of party*, we turn that "vile slander" back to the Tribune where it belongs. Hesays, "if we mean that kind of slavery, he agrees with us," that is, he knows by experience that it is true—very likely.

The Tribune may rest assured that, whenever we have spoken of Democracy, and urged him to practice it, we have meant "real Democracy," and not that "bastard Democracy," of which Daniel Webster, the "Godlike," is the father; but he is so allied to the latter, that we despair of his ever being converted to the former.

CONDITION OF THE LABORING CLASSES.

This is a subject often talked about, and still but imperfectly understood. It is variously conceived by the people; and we need not wonder that there should be a great variety of opinion in relation to these matters. Some seem to think that all is well enough—those who labor are well provided for; and if they happen to utter a complaint, concerning the burdens they are compelled to bear, or concerning the oppressive policy of those who live at ease upon the fruits of the industry of others, or concerning monopolies, or concerning any thing else, they are deserving of severe and unqualified reprehension. *Bless me!* cries the speculator upon things not his own—are not our farmers and mechanics paid, and well paid, too, for all that they market? Do we not give them a fair price for their grain, their vegetables, their articles produced or manufactured? Do we not provide for the education of their children, for the maintenance of the poor, for the establishment and support of benevolent and philanthropic institutions? And do we not pay our taxes, and pay our debts, and pay for all we eat, drink, and wear? Do we not give the farmer and mechanic the honor of being engaged in the most honorable occupations? Why, then, do the laboring classes complain? Such, most wise, and patriotic, and philanthropic reader! such is the logic of those who are "rich and increased in goods"—we mean some of them—and such is the fallacy which they would have you receive as political orthodoxy. But let us, with due consideration, ask the simple question: By what means have the non-producers obtained the money with which to pay for the comforts and business of life? Did they obtain their wealth by honest industry—by application to some useful business? If so, then are they evidently entitled to all they enjoy. But if, on the contrary, they have obtained their wealth by speculating upon the labor of others, or the products of that labor; or by any legalized fraud committed upon the rights, privileges, or earnings of others, either by low cunning, low management, or any other unfair means, then, we say, they are guilty of a flagrant wrong, and that wrong should be redressed by those in authority over us. Now we say, in all sincerity, that there is a class of community, who live upon the earnings of others, without rendering anything like a fair equivalent for what they receive:—such are the hosts of idlers, who have no other recommendation save their insincerity—such are thousands that we need not mention, the reader can tell them to mind—and such are all and singular of those who dread no other dishonor so much, as that of being suspected of a desire to be useful.

DEMOCRATS—"Party before the country—interest before humanity," is their motto, and most faithfully do they act up to it. —*Bath Tribune.*

Pataw, Mr. Tribune, you mean no such thing.—Probably you was thinking of the whigs, and forgot to add, "and always the enemy before our country is their motto," and well do they reduce them to practice. By the way, will the Tribune remind his readers of the definition of Traitor—"adhering to his enemies, giving them aid and comfort!" it may aid them in masking up their minds relative to his character.—And whilst, please spare Mr. Cass—do not treat him with too much "contempt" it would not be democratic—and we entreat of thee to let the President live till he gets out of that "unholy war," and washes "his hands [from] being red with blood." Do this, and we will endeavor to excuse your "adherence to the enemy," on the ground that whig politics and Catholic religion is very much alike. And it may be that you will receive a Vicariate, if faithful to their interest, and "the darkness of Catholicism should not be despised, and she brought into the light and liberty [not the intolerance] of Protestantism."

But what shocks all common sense, "the Bath Tribune" declares that the whigs are "the real Democratic party—the party of humanity." Very humane to stave one army, rather than vote it supplies; and to prolong the time of making the appropriations, required by Government to prosecute the war, when they acknowledged that by delay the enemy might obtain the advantage of us, and that if the war is not terminated before the sickly season commences, thousands of our men may fall victims to disease. Very humane to threaten to starve out "liberty voters."—Yes, and they are even willing that "the rich should take care of the poor," and all in the world they ask

—liberal souls—is, that "Government take care of the rich." Plenty of humanity! Where's Graves, the murderer?

SENATOR CORWIN.

Mr. Corwin says, in his traitorous speech as some of the whig papers virtually call it, na he was about to vote against the army and appropriation bills: "I could have cried as did the man of Oz in his affliction in the olden time, 'What time my friends was warm they vanish, when it is hot, they are consumed out of their places!'"

Thus he wickedly compares himself to Job, "who feared God and eschewed evil." No wonder he felt "afflicted," when he was about to take sides with the enemy, against his own country,—and had he not been destitute of all sense of feeling, he might have said with Job,—"at this also my heart trembled!"—But, how much was he like Job? He had two friends, Job had three. He embraced his as his only comfort, and adopted their opinions and advice. Job regretted the opinions of his as "lies,"—"miserable comforters are ye all!" Corwin's friends might have applied to him very justly the language of Eliphaz, very appropriately addressed to Job: "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk? or with speeches wherewith he can do no good? Thy mouth uttereth thy iniquity, and thou choosest the tongue of the crafty. Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I; yea, thine own lips testify against thee!" Had the noble Senator consulted Job a little more carefully, he might have "cried" with him, "Behold I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Once more have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further;" and thus saved himself from the disgrace of his last speech, and the people from stinging in their hearts, "he uttered words without knowledge!"—"shall vain words have an end?"—No—only as the mountain in travail brought forth a mouse.

WINE HUMILITY.—"But it is my very humility which makes me bold."—*Corwin's Speech.*

Buckfield Branch Rail Road.

At a Convention of the citizens of Buckfield, with others from several of the adjoining towns, held on the 31st day of March, 1847, to take into consideration the project of a Branch Rail Road from the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road at Mechanic Falls in Minot, through West Minot and East Hebron to Buckfield Village, Doct. WILLIAM BRIDGEMAN was chosen President, and AARON PARSONS, Secretary.

Voted to choose a committee of five to report Resolutions on the subject before the Convention.

S. F. Brown of Buckfield, Zury Robinson of Sumner, Cyrus Recker of Hartford, George Cobb of Minot, and Benjamin F. Parsons of West Minot, were chosen said Committee.

While this committee were engaged in preparing the Resolutions, V. D. Parris, Esq., of Portland, introduced a bill in the Legislature for a Branch Rail Road from East of Portland, one of the Directors of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road, on the subject under consideration, in which he expresses his opinion highly favorable to the enterprise, and gives very enlightened views of principles and facts pertaining to it; all highly gratifying to the audience.

The following Resolutions were reported by the Committee, and, after discussion by the Convention, adopted unanimously.

Resolved, That Rail Roads are fast becoming and in future will be the most important, useful and economical means of transportation of persons and property, where water communication is not enjoyed; and even in many instances will supplant that. By their great facility of intercommunication, nations are brought into neighborhoods; foreigners become social friends—distant societies intermingle their social enjoyments and interests; interchange their moral, mental, and spiritual improvements. Ignorance is dispelled, knowledge is increased, and a helping hand is presented to all the noble enterprizes of the statesman, the patriot and the philanthropist. That the acquisition of wealth, in every form, is vastly facilitated, and the means of happiness greatly increased.

Resolved, That the inhabitants of Oxford County, from their insular situation, have hitherto suffered greatly from the want of an adequate and convenient market—that now, through the facilities offered by the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road, they may expect to find ample relief, and therefore they are called upon with emphatic voice, to contribute in aid of its completion.

Resolved, That a Branch Rail Road, branching off from the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road at Mechanic Falls in Minot, and passing through West Minot Village and East Hebron to Buckfield Village, would greatly subserve the interests of a large population, not those immediately on its line, but others more remote, comprising the inhabitants of Sumner, Hartford, Canton, Peru, Dixfield and Carrington, and part of those of Turner, Livermore and Jay.

Resolved, That the facilities for constructing a Branch Rail Road, as named in the third Resolution, are remarkably favorable; the route being nearly level and the land easily graded; and that within the limits of persons who would be benefited by its construction; and therefore we proceed forthwith to the initiatory measures for the construction of BUCKFIELD BRANCH RAIL ROAD.

Voted, To proceed forthwith to take a memorandum of the sum which each member of this Convention now present will pledge himself to take of the Stock of the contemplated Road.

Having gone through with the subscription as above, the result was found to be \$22,100 from the citizens of Buckfield, and \$2,300 from gentlemen from other towns. The weather being stormy the attendance from other towns than Buckfield was very limited.

Voted, To choose Committees in each town interested to solicit subscriptions to the Stock of the Road, Choose Noah Prince, Adam Thompson, and Sydenham Bradham, for Buckfield.

George Cobb, Thomas Bradham, and Joseph Hutchinson Jr., for Hebron.

Samson Reed, Edmund Irish Jr., and Richard Hutchinson, for Hartford.

Benjamin F. Parsons, for Minot.

Otis Hayford and William Thompson, for Canton.

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Charles T. Chase and Sam'l Morell, for Dixfield.

Voted, To petition the Legislature at their next Ses-

sion for an Act of Incorporation under the name of Buckfield Branch Rail Road.

Choose V. D. Parris, Esq., as an Agent to present the petition and represent the petitioners before the Legislature.

Voted, That Mr. Parris be requested to present the thanks of this Convention to Mr. Poor for his very excellent letter, so full of information and advice necessary to the accomplishment of our great object; and to the Directors of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road for their generous offer of assistance.

Voted, To adjourn this meeting to be held on Saturday, the first day of May next at ten o'clock A.M.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Oxford Democrat, Eastern Argus, and Portland Advertiser.

WILLIAM BRIDGEMAN, President.

AARON PARSONS, Secretary.

ATLANTIC & ST. LAWRENCE RAIL ROAD. We learn that the Directors of this Road have ordered the location to be continued from Mechanic Falls, in Minot, to the South Village in this town. Also that they have ordered the section between Ashburn and Mechanic Falls to be put under contract for grading forthwith.

Our Portland friends anticipate that the "iron horse" will come snorting into their beautiful city from the northeast, as early as November next, and we have little doubt their anticipations will be realized. Success to them.

AT A session of the Probate Court will be held at the Probate Office on Tuesday next, 13th inst.

News by the Magnetic Telegraph from New York to Boston papers, dated April 1, 8 o'clock P.M., states that on the 24th there was no general engagement, both armies being occupied in carrying off the wounded and burying the dead. After the 24th there was no more fighting. The Mexican troops, famishing, and convinced that they could not drive Gen. Taylor from his position, retired.

It was reported that Gen. Urrea had retreated towards the Tula Pass, when Col. Curtis marched against him, and it was also said that Santa Anna was falling back upon San Luis Potosi. Dr. Turner thinks that he retreated to Parias. The N. Y. Evening Mirror has letter from New Orleans, which says—We have news of the defeat of Urrea by Col. Curtis.

Gen. Taylor was said to have been at Buena Vista on the 5th.

The New Orleans Delta has a letter from Monterey, which states that Capt. Cassius M. Clay and his men have all been exchanged.

Cold—hit him again: An Englishman in Halifax wrote to his Boston correspondent, "How does your locofoco war get along?" The Bostonian sent him a History of the Battle of Bunker Hill" as a reply.

Whig Catechism—"John, my boy, what was the spirit exhibited by the whigs in 1840? Speak up and tell the gentleman, like a little man." "Hard riders and Branding, sir," replied the piping scion of federal stock.

The State of Coosbria, of which the chief town is Coosbria, is situated by two inlets named Sanchez. They own 20,000 persons, or slaves.

A son of S. H. Stevens, of Oisfield, aged 7 years, was suffocated and died upon entering a potato hole in which a kettle of coals had been placed. A brother two years older barely escaped.

From four things God preserve us; a painted woman, a concealed valet, salt beef without mustard, and a little late dinner.

ELOPEMENT IN ST LOUIS. An interesting case of elopement occurred in St. Louis a few days ago, which was followed up by an assault and battery on the injured husband. The St. Louis Reveille says that while the husband was absent from the city, his wife, taking all her effects, left the premises provided by her husband, and took up quarters with her paramour somewhere in the neighborhood of the Mound. On his return, hearing of the new arrangement, the husband paid the parties a visit, caught his rival luxuriously lounging on a sofa, enjoying a cigar! & gave him a severe thrashing; then, giving his false spouse also a cawhing, he declared himself perfectly satisfied, and informed Mrs. P. that, hereafter, she was at perfect liberty to love the other. [See B.

The following Resolutions were reported by the Committee, and, after discussion by the Convention, adopted unanimously.

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